A STRIKINGLY STONG SERMON ON IN TEMPERANCE.

The Evils of Liquor Drinking Earnestly Presented-Some God yet Lifelike Pict-The text of Dr. Talmage's Sunday an evil beast hath dovoured him."

the discourse.

the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold Rum! accursed Rum! up to your observation today. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him." There has in all ages and climes, been a tendency to improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time, took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conquorer was conquored. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China have groaned with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and DeQuincey, One hundred millions are the victims of the betelnut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa the Mexicans, the agave; the people at Gunarapo, an intoxicating quality taken from sugur cane; while a great multitude. that no man can number, are the disciples of alcohol. To its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster roll of this great army be called, and they could endure the recking, festering putrefection and beastliness, what heart could endure the groan of agony?

the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick room; and the minister, with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his frame, fall a gibbering sot into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital? Tamerlane asked have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a vaster pyramid. The Sabbath has yeen sacrificed to

Drunkenness: Does it not jingle

the rum trafic. To many of our people, this day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed: severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window shutters of the grog shops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum traffckers. All other trades must cipation. stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves in hardware, and lumber, and coal will never come! Will it?

and the husbands avd sons of thous- for intoxicating liquors that he cut off | would soon be reported to the Republithis municipal crime. There is a way liquors are, for the most part, unscumore inducement to illicit distilla-

wrung from the eyes of widows and rags; to my eternal banishment from sacrifice of Walker in leaving a closeorphans, nor for the blood it has God, and hope, and heaven! Give it ly contested canvass and traveling dashed on the Christian church, nor to me! the drink!" for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in this street The first if bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. associations: you who drink the best use of money. It seems to be the Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. you lose your balance, let us look indeed is the lot of that man or that Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the You have, under God, in your power friends. Especially in cases of sickstand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home hap-

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Cloak gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens.

one of our literary institutions. His have your children come out to meet years, but nothing benefitted me, alearth! father, mother, brothers and sisters you with as much confidence as once though I paid two hundred and fifty "The were present to see him graduate. they showed? Would you not like dollars for treatment. At last I tried They heard the applauding thunders to rekindle the home lights that long that greeted his speech. They saw ago were extinguished? It is not too cheap blood purifier.

the degree conferred and the diploma late to charge. It may not entirely Uncommonly Common. given. He never looked so well. Ev- obliterate from your soulthe memory eybody said, "What a noble brow! of wasted years and a mined repuis What a fine eyal What graceful tion, nor smooth out from I manners! What brilliant prospects!" cries, "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Man the second: Lies in the stasent for to bind up the gashes resermon was: "It is my son's coat ceived in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wilk beast. Genesis xxxvii., 33. The following is His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and Joseph's brethren dipped their carried in drunk, and foul and bleedbrother's coat in goat's blood and ing? Did I call him man the second? then brought the dabbled garment He is man the first. Rum transformed to their father, cheating him with him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, first, by getting our child- It has turned the earth into a place for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as rum is a fiend. Take them to the alms house, and show them the wreck into the homes that have been scourged by it.

Again: We will battle this evil by day! voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can raise above the feelings of partisanship, and demand that our officials shall

be sober men? I maintain that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; and that, however eminent a man's services may be, if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Spend a few days at Harrisburg, or Albany, or Washington, and you will find out why, upon these subjects, it is impossible to get righteous enactments.

Again: We will war against this evil by organized societies. The friends of the rum traffic have banded together; annually issue their circulars; raise fabulous sums of money to advance their interests; and, by grips, passwords, signs and stratagems, set the burglar's key? Does it not whet at defiance public morals. Let us confront them with organizations just as secret, and, if need be, with grips and pass-words, and signs, maintain our position. There is no need that our philanthropic societies tell all their plans. I am in favor of all lawful strategy in the carrying on of this conflict. I wish to God we could lay under the wine casks a train which, once ignited, would shake the earth with the explosion of this monstrous iniquity!

the pledge. There are thousands of reward of your business, all the souls for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid their names to such a document. I will crowd around you, and pour their But if the bones of all those who know it is laughed at; but there are bitterness into your cup. They will some men who, having once promised show you their wounds and a thing, do it. "Some have broken "You made them," and point to their the pledge." Yes; they were liars. unquenchable thirst and say, "You But all men are not liars. I do not kindled it;" and rattle their chai say that it is the duty of all persons and say, "You forgedit." Then their to make such signature; but I do say united groans will smite your ear, and that it would be the salvation of many of you. The glorious work of picked the sixpences and the dimes, Theobald Mathew can never be esti- they will push you off the verge of mated. At his hand four millions of people took the pledge, and multi- beneath, and breaking among the tudes in Ireland, England, Scotland crags of death, will thunder, "Woe and America, have kept it till this day. The pledge signed to thousands has been the proclamation of eman-

Again: We expect great thirgs from inebriate asylums. They have has been laid on Mr. Lodge's bantby trading in clothing, and hosiery, already done a glorious work. I ling. think we are coming at last to treat take off their hats to the rumseller, inebriation as it ought to be treated, senate committy which is consider-elected to particular honor. It is un-namely, as an awful disease, self-in-ing it know ver little about it, and safe for any other class of men to be flicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a the other Republican Senators know allowed license for Sunday work. But | disease, once fastened upon a man, less. No caucus has been called and swing out your sighs, O ye traffic- sermons won't cure him; temperance | none is likely to be for weeks." kers in the peace of families, and in | lectures will not eradicate it; religious | the souls of immortal men! Let the tracts will not remove it; the gospel publican Senator, who is in position corks fly, and the bear foam, and the of Christ will not arrest it. Once un to know, put his foot upon the staterum go tearing down the half-con- der the power of this awful thirst, sumed throat of the inebriate. God | the man is bound to go on; and, if the | the benefit of the Republican radidoes not see! Does he? Judgment foaming glass were on the other side cals who are thirsty for nodding of perdition, he would wade through plumes and gleaming bayonets at the I do not know but that God is de- the fires of hell to get it. A young polls, that the consideration of the termined to let drunkenness triumph | man in prison had such a strong thirst | bill was nearly completed and that it

ands our best families be destroyed his hand at the wrist, called for a can caucus. The fact is that the bill by this vice, in order that our people. bowl of brandy in order to stop the is nowhere near complete, even to the amazed and indignant, may rise up bleeding, thrust his wrist into the satisfaction of the five Republican and demand the extermination of bowl, and then drank the contents. Stand not, when the thirst is on tions.—New York Herald. of driving down the hoops of a bar- him, between a man and his cups. rel so tight they break. We have, in Clear the track for him. Away with this country, at various times tried to | the children; he would tread their life | regulate this evil by a tax on whiskey. out. Away with the wife; he would that Congressman James P. Walker, You might as well try to regulate dash her to death. Away with the of that State, who died suddenly the Asiatic cholera or the small-pox cross: he would run it down. Away Saturday last of apoplexy, was a by taxation. The men who distil with the Bible; he would tear it up martyr to duty. He was canvassing for the winds. Away with heaven; his district for renomination, but hurpulous, and the higher the tax, the he considers it worthless as a straw. ried back to Washington to vote "Give me the drink! Give it to me! against the force bill. The long trip Though the hands of blood pass up in the intense heat was primarily the Oh! the folly of trying to restrain the bowl, and the soul trembles over cause of his death. Commenting on an evil by government tariff! If every the pit-the drink! give it to me! this the Republican aptly says: "Let gallon of whisky made-if every flask | Though it be pale with tears; though | Democratic absentees in Washington of wine produced, should be taxed a the froth of everlasting anguish float who neglect interests of their constithousand dollars, it would not be on the foam-give it to me! I drink tuents, though almost withing sound enough to pay for the tears it has to my wife's woe, to my children's of the Speaker's gavel, remember the

> Again: We will contend with these | ing heat when his vote was needed. evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined | is exerted by the proper or improper liquors; you who never drink until first essential of modern life. Sad each other in the face on this subject. | woman without money and without the redemption of this land from ness is the need of money lett most drunkenness. Empty your cellars pressingly and yet even the rich with and wine closets of the beverage, and all their money fall into a state of then come out and give us your hand, poor health and die, whereas if their your vote, your prayers, your sym- money was rightly expended and the pathies. Do that, and I will promise proper remedies applied they might three things: First, that you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty. Secondly, you will spent four hundred and eighty dolprobably save somebody-perhaps lars in gold to cure me of terrible your own child. Thirdly, you will blood poison that affected my limbs not, in your last hour. have a regret and nose and body, with running

fice it be. As long as you make drinking re- my appetite, strengthened my kidneys spectable, drinking customs will pre- and added 21 pounds to my weight. vail, and the plow share of death, Fiend, hrandishing his fist cries. drawn by terrible disasters, will go other testimony, there are many who "Out! out! What are you doinghere?" on turning up this whole continent refuse to try the remedy, seeming to Did I call this house the second? from end to end with the long, deep, prefer to pay large fees to physicians. No: it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embruted the man. I call upon those who are guilty of of recovery. The great truth howthe carpets. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!

I shotch two many that would be carpets. Rum desolated the how everything there is being deso-I sketch two men that you know lated? Would you not like to bring on the first graduated from back joy to your wife's heart and writes: "I had blood disease for six lous—mad! The very last thing on

ous brow the wrinkles which trouble All the world opens before him, and has plowed. It may not call back unkind words uttered, or rough deeds done; for perhaps in those awful motion house. The doctor has just been ments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave. But it is not too late to save yourself, and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast-going life.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkeness. Have you the courage to put your foot downright, and say to your companions and friends: "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others." Have nothing to do with strong drink. ren right on this subject. Let them of skulls, and has stood opening the grow up with an utter aversion to gate to a lost world to let in its vicstrong drink. Take care how you tims, until now the door swings no administer it even as medicine. If more upon its hirges, but, day and you find that they have a natural love | night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men. Do I address one whose regular

work in life is to administer to this faithfully as you do the Bible, that appetite? For God's sake get out of that buriness! If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his and ruin it works. Walk with them neighbor drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the

Do not think that because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. I am surprised to hear you men say that they respect the "original package" decision, by which the supreme court of the United States allows rum to be taken into States like Kansas, which have decided against the sale of intoxicants. I have no respect for a wrong decision. I care not who makes it. The three judges of the supreme court who gave minority reports against that decision were right, and

the chief justice was wrong. The right of a State to defend itself against the rum traffic will yet be demonstrated, the supreme court notwithstanding. Higher than the judicial bench at Washington is the throne of the Lord God Almighty. No enactment, national, State or municipal can give you the right to carry on a business whose one effect is destruction.

God knows better than you do yourself the number of drinks you have poured out. You keep a list: but a more accurate list has been kept than yours. You may call it Burgundy. Bourbon, Cognac, Heidsieck, sour mash, or beer. God calls it strong drink Whether you sell it in a low oyster cellar or behind the polished counter of a first-class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work Again: We will try the power of is done on earth and you enter the great precipices; while rolling up from to him that giveth his neighbor drink!

> The Bill is Dead. The cold, palsied hand of death

This was the way in which a Rement which was given out to-day for

A Martyr to Duty: The St. Louis Republican States a thousand miles through the broil-

The Power of Money. What an influence for good or evil regain health and strength.
Z. A. Clark, Atlanta, Ga., says:

that you made the sacrifice, if sacri- ulcers. One month's treatment of P. B. B. healed the ulcers, restored Still, in spite of this and much

JONGBALED IT.

Robertine had finished cleaning her gloves, and was putting away the bits fluid, whose faint batefulness she de clared she detested. "It's quite as bad as common benzine." she said to her mother, who was busy cooking a spir-ituelle sort of supper on the gasoline stove in the other room.

They leased the entire house, a twostory and basement brick, rather centrally located, and relet unfurnished rooms or suites in such a manner as to clear their own rental while reserv-ing the double parlors and the joys of proprietorship.

They were very comfortably arranged. In the evening, Robertine could make herself pretty, close the foldingdoors, run her fingers lightly over the keys of the upright piano, and feel equal to the entertaining of the most eligible gentlemen friends—even Wilfred Wales, Esq. In some respects she was more at ease with this gentleman for company than with any one else Not because he was unusually hand-some—beyond the frequency of his new clothes—or talented, or cultured, or witty; not because of any subtle charm conversation, like that of poor Dick Ethel, whom she had known so long, and who, she was forced to admit. would always remain the same visionary enthusiast and Bohemian. Poor Dick! If he would only quit trying to make a living with his pen, and become a practical member of society-a tailor or shoemaker, or something honest! No, but when Wilfred Wales was calling Robertine knew there would be no atter remarks from her mother, that good lady being, at such times, content to retire to peaceful dreams and a book-case bedstead, leaving the young people un-

disturbed. Mr. Wales was a moneyed young man with further "expectations," and Rob-ertine felt it would be the merest folly to discourage his attentions. She knew herself thoroughly; knew all her disadvantages and all her little attractiveness. She had sized herself up long ago as a moderately pretty brunette, who could sing and play passably, read a French novel without the dictionary, write a dashing sort of letter, and dance all the newest fancies. She never forgot that she had neither fortune nor family—a blue lookout for any girl of twenty; that she had talent in no particular direction; that she was physically too delicate for continuous labor, be sides being unfitted, by ambition, for the life of a working-woman.

Yet sometimes she felt sick of it allsick of doing lawyers' copying at home, and addressing wrappers by the thousand, and scheming how to best spend the money so earned and how to construct the prettiest costume in which to attend theatre or promenade concert with Mr. Wales. (Often she would far rather have gone sauntering in the park, clad in her plain, brown "Mother-Hubbard," with Richard Ethel beside her, and his pleasing fantasies.) But what could she do to support her-

self? "You can't be a clerk in any store," said her mother, "it takes away a girl's social position."
"If she has any," said Robertine ironi-

Meanwhile they had got on very well without touching the insurance money received at the death of Robertine's la mented father, which was but a small sum at best, and which the mother would need for herself when once the daughter was married. Robertine shook out three pair of

evening gloves, and said musingly, "Now I'm ready to go anywhere if only some one invites me. "If I were you I wouldn't go with anybody but Wales," admonished her mother. "If he sees you running around with common tugs like Dick Ethel, he'll ship you!" Mrs. Ferris was often more forcible than elegant, and always unconscious of nautical tendencies. She was a thin, nervous woman, with an extraordinary contempt for the oipolloi. She was often heard to say that she had been struggling for

also that of her deceased husband. (Poor man! his head had gone under ground in spite of her!)

Robertine colored. "I never go with any one I'm ashamed of," she said, indignantly, "and as for Mr. Wales, the 'shipping' process may be conducted by

years to keep her head above water, as

the other party."
"O, no doubt you feel able to manage
your own affairs. Some folks, when they have a little streak of luck, act as f it would never be day with themclosing with a pet antiphrasis.
"Now, mother, what is the use of such talk? Let us eat our supper in

And they did; after which, Robertine having adjusted her toilet, went to the front windows and drew the curtains back, admitting the evening breeze. The sun was declining and the sky therewith glorified; she stood where it might dazzle her eyes a moment, then turned away.

"Mother, shall I close the foldingdoors? Dick Ethel is coming over." "O, yes; for heaven's sake, shut the doors, so I needn't hear him yarning. If I were you I wouldn't fool away my time on such common— Robertine banged the doors and lost the remainder. "Come in, Dick," she called, through

the wire window-netting. "Don't stop "You are alone?" he said, smiling faintly as he entered. "I thought you might have company."
"You see for yourself I haven't."

"Your mother is well, I hope?" "Quite; and busy, as usual."
"I met her on the street to-day, but I do not think she saw me."
"Perhaps not," said Robertine, doubtfully, remembering her mother's disdain

for common attire. "But what are you doing this week, Dick? What is the latest romance?" "I haven't done much," he answered slowly, "but I have thought of so much I would like to do. O. I have had such beautiful thoughts! Dreams that I would like you to share with me!"

Robertine stirred uneasily.
"I have had thoughts too," she said, half lightly. "I have been thinking of getting married." He looked at her in a curious way, but did not interrupt, as she went on: "Yes, I have about decided that the

only thing I can do is, get married."
"O Robertine!' he said, in a shocked voice. "You think I am joking, Dick, but I am not. I am taking a business view of the matter. I must find a rich husband. You see I belong to a very good-fornothing class; incapable and indolent yet ambitious for social distinction; mediocre in talent, yet refined in taste, while my education has been of such a

superficial nature that the thought of it disgusts me." "O, Robertine!" he repeated, distress-"But you couldn't sell yourself fully. —you could not marry for money alone!" "O, dear no," she answered, cheerfully, "not for money alone. I must have a respectable-looking husband with a suspicion of brains. Then, too, while she is about it, why can't a girl happen to fall in love with a man who has money? I regard it as my duty to do this, and—by the way—you ought to follow my example."

He changed his seat to one beside her on the sofa, and spoke in a hurt, reproachful tone: "Robertine, these words are unworthy stands well in society. There is nothing common about him. You might be

of you. I can't understand why you should joke, either. We—we have been good friends—" then he broke off, as if he had lost all self-control, all power of speech. She was moved, and remained silent

until the sound of her mother in the other room seemed to give her tongue new impetus.

"The very last thing on earth," he re-peated, quietly. They were not locking at each other now, yet they were both "The very last!" she said, recovering

herself after a moment; then abruptly: Richard, I want to tell you some little things-confidential, you know,

strictly confidential. Le said, vacantly "Richard, this is midsummer; but I suppose you know people wear flannels ii. winter-time--ladies do." Her seeming irrelevancy might other imes have startled him; now he only

sighed inquiringly.
Well? "Well, last winter- you remember how cold it was-how many flamels do you suppose mother and I had apiece?" Three, perhaps," he ventured, weari-

"No, indeed; we had three between us. This kept us washing one twice a week, which was tiresome, beside wearing out the garments. Fancy having one such article of clothing and taking it off at bedtime to wash it that it may dry by morning. Isn't the thought ahominable?

The long, quivering breath that he drew smote her painfully, as she felt that, through her, his heart must ache a long time, perhaps forever. She could not look at him. He rose without speaking. Perhaps he could not trust his voice. "You are not going, Dick? But per-

"You are not going, Dick: Day haps you haven't been to supper."
"I don't know," he faltered. "I must go and finish some work. I—I hope work will not do anything hastily. Robertine, remember—remember I am your friend—always." Then he went out and away.

Mrs. Ferris slid the doors ajar and en-

through the window at the tall form crossing the street with slow, dispirited gait. "If he doesn't look common!" Robertine had gone to the piano. "Mother," she said impatiently. Maj. Drummond proposes again you'd better marry him. He's uncommon enough to suit you-especially his tem-

"Gone at last?" she asked, glancing

tered.

She could have sobbed aloud, she so hated herself. She fancied Richard ascending to his poor room across the way—his gray, cheerless, pathetic room —and sitting down uncomforted among his manuscripts. She could see his pale face, his sad, brown eyes. She hated herself, and her mother, and Wilfred Wales, and all the cruel, bitter world! She tried a strain of Mendelssohn's

music to soothe and strengthen her, and her mother spoke, as if reminded: The piano rent is due to-morrow, Robertine. Don't let me forget; they are

very exacting."
Robertine changed to fierce opera melodies, and immediately Mr. Wilfred Wales arrived. Mrs. Ferris had made her escape and closed the folding-doors.
"I was thinking of you," said Robertine sweetly, and speaking the truth.
"Of me? Is that so? Then I'm glad." He pressed her hand with all a lover's

fondness.
Nor was he really so objectionable—a well-built man with a prepossessing countenance and a frank, easy speech. He never romanced, nor paused for exactness, nor unfolded quaint discoveries, nor indulged in ben trovato poesy, as poor Dick Ethel was wont. He was a cheerful caller and often made her laugh; still there were times when she could as well have yawned. (Poor Dick Ethel might have talked all

"Take the rocking-chair," she begged,
"and I will sit right here on the sofa.
We can both see the street and feel the breeze. "Thanks," said Mr. Wales, twinkling

his great third-finger diamond by careless motions of the hand. "I say, what do you think? I am going to change hotels."
"Indeed? Why I thought you liked your place so much?"
"I did, until this morning. Never
was more surprised in my life. What
do you suppose I found in my coffee?" A fly," the young lady suggested.

"Not exactly. "Then a roach?" "Oh, no; dear me, not so bad. But it was a shred of something resembling cotton., said Robertine in a relieved tone, "a piece of the dish-cloth. And you will change because of that?" 'I have serious thoughts. And now,

Robertine—"
She turned to the window and gazed "What are you looking at?" he asked.
"That literary friend of yours coming out across? Clever fellow, isn't he?
Wish I could write. But, do you know,

Robertine, I fancy—though I may be mistaken—I fancy the poor fellow hasn't got a good tailor." Robertine answered very deliberatey: "I think it more probable that he hasn't any at all.'

"What! you don't mean he is dis-tressed? That would be rough! A fellow that can reel off such things. I'd like to help him out some way or other. Do you think he'd be offended if I asked him to accept a present?"
"I know he would be offended," she

answered decisively. Wales heaved a sigh, but she knew he didn't feel greatly disappointed. He was excellently disposed as far as offering to be liberal went. "O, I suppose so," he assented; "these fellows are proud as the dickens.

But about your hotel?" "Well, I have nearly decided to make change. A hotel is very comfortable, but a man gets to thinking he'd like a home of his own." He left the rocking-chair for the sofa precisely as Ethel had done so short a time before. "Robertine," he said softly, and took possession of her hand; "Robertine, you know

what I mean, don't you?"
"I do not know what you mean," she answered in a low, firm tone. 'Don't you, darling; don't you know I love you and want you for a wife? Yes, I want a wife and a home! She had caught every word; it had not escaped her that he wanted a wife as an adjunct to—a home. And she resisted no longer, but allowed him to

draw her face nearer and nearer, until it touched his lips.
It was really arranged, thought Mrs. Ferris, sighing contentedly in the other room, where she had not missed a word. After all Robertine was a sensible girl; and she thought she would go in and light the gas and receive the news.

"Here are some matches, daughter," she said innocently. "It will soon be Wales arose bowing, and managed after a fashion to announce the engage-

Mrs. Ferris stood a moment as if astonished, then approached, smiling benevolently. Her little speech had been well rehearsed. "I am not wholly surprised," she said. "Robertine is so frank that she has poorly concealed from me her growing attention for you. I am overjoyed that she has found one so worthy of her—and—and I congratulate you both." Saying which she with-

drew with unusual dignity.

Mr. Wales remained an hour or so: then he told his betrothed she looked tired and he would not keep herup. He lifted her hand and pressed it to his lips. It was not a very beautiful hand, but we know lovers and lovers have kissed other five-and-three-quarter members whose only merit was their scrawny individuality. So Mr. Wales Robertine on retiring was extremely wakeful, and tossed about so violently

that her mother reminded her of the style of bed they occupied.
"You are not crossing the channel." she said severely. "Mother, haven't you really thought of marrying Maj. Drummond? He is very devoted; he has a neat income, and

perfectly happy."
"Why do you want me to marry him?" "Well, I have led Wales to understand that you are thoroughly independent-in short, a very desirable sort of mother-in-law; that you have some insurance-money, and also an offer of

Dick Ethel heard the news the next day when he called, Robertine being

"I hope she may be happy," he said quietly, and went away. He repeated this in a note to the girl herself, adding, "Forgive me if ever I have hurt your fiscal year.

but I pray God to bless you forever and ever.

She wept over his written words. "Forgive him! Dear old Dick, I was not worthy of him. O dear, dear old Dick! I shall accept Maj. Drummond,"

said Mrs. Ferris at last. "That's right, mother. Really I know no one I would rather you should marry. As for the gout, it only troubles him occasionally, and baldness has come to be curable. "I shall do," said her mother sharply "Perhaps you will, too, if you maintain your dignity and stop associating with common trash like Dick Ethel."

Robertine turned pale. ·Why do you never call Wilfred 'com mon. mother? 'Why? Well-even if he deserved it. which he doesn't-I wouldn't hurt your

"My feelings!"-with scornful vehemence.
"Bah! Because he has plenty of money and dresses well! Mother don't mention Dick Ethel again, if you please! We are none of us fit to black his shoes.'

Robertine was married in late October, and wore the white satin and orange-blossoms over a heart that was growing gradually lighter. She also developed more sense than sentiment, as the days passed, which, though not displeasing to Mr. Wales, surprised "Dearest," he said one night early in

the honeymoon, "you married me for love, didn't you?" "Why, of course," she replied unhesitatingly. She was sitting on the side of the bed, and looked bewitching in her rosepink wrapper.
"And even if I had been poor, you

would have loved me just as well, wouldn't you?" "O, I can't tell," she said with utter candor. "If you had been poor, we might never have met, or I might have loved some one else, and you not cared for me. Don't you see? Why it's nothing against one's lover that he has a little property. O no, I am quite sure it is nothing against him! She spoke very earnestly at the close, and then he laughed and, stooping, kiss-

Girls In the Schools.

ed her check.

The girl would make a better student in our public schools and colleges," said one of the prominent educators of the city recently, "if she had the same incentive, the same motive, that the young man has. The young man who goes to the public schools and colleges feels that he is to be a breadwinner. He has this for a clear purpose in getting an education. But it is not so with the girl. With her motive is everything, and not having the motive she does not study to her full capacity. She looks to getting married some day, and having some one else provide the bread for her.

"Of course, this is generally speaking. We hear a good deal about woman's power of application as compared with man's, but my experience has been that if a girl knows what she is after, if she has a distinct purpose, in nine cases out of ten she will display steadfastness of aim that is quite equal to that of any boy.

"Much has been said about the capacity of the female intellect for mathematics, but I can say that the girl excels in pure mathematics. Girls are exceedingly fond of history and literature and invariably stand high in those studies.

"The best students are Hebrewsthat is they carry off the honors. But this is not always a fair test of intellectual capacity. The scholarship of a student is determined quite as much by her home influence, by her surroundings and associations, as by her text books or instructors. As a rule the wealthy Hebrews avail themselves of the advantages of the public schools and colleges for their children, while, generally speaking, the children of Christian parents in similar financial circumstauces go to private institutions. This makes it particularly difficult to institute race comparisons;

the public schools. "The colored girl has great imita tive powers. She does not evince ordinarily a high degree of intellectuality, but in all subjects in which the imitative faculty plays a part in progress she usually does exceedingly well. She is especially quick at drawing and penmanship, and the like. But when it comes to such subjects as require the higher faculties of reason or judgment

she is frequently below the average. "The artistic-that is, the naturally artistic-student is the girl of Celtic race. But the girl of Anglo-Saxon descent is the one who generally displays the best-developed 'all-round' intellect.'

N. Y. Times. Don t Putl Out Super . dous Hair.

Young Pausiford of Philadelphia, who was at Newport last summer, has met with a curious and perhaps fatal experience. Some time ago he discovered a small tuft of hair growing on his neck which seemed to have no relation with the hair of his head. Last week a barber whom he patronized suggested that he should take the tuft of hair out by the roots, and Padelford told him to go ahead. The barber performed the operation, and Padelford is said to be lying now at the point of death from an attack of blood poisoning which the operation has induced ... N. Y. World.

Pianos and Organs. N. W. TRUMP, 134 Main Street, Columbia, S. C., sells Pianos and Organs, direct from factory. No agents' commissions. The celebrated Chickering Piano. Mathushek Piano, celebrated for its clearness of tone, lightness of touch and lasting qualities. Mason & Hamlin Upright Piano. Sterling Upright Pianos, from \$22 up. Arion Pianos, from \$200 up. Mason & Hamlin Organs, supassed by none. Sterling Organs, \$50 up. Every Instrument guaranteed for six years Fifteen days' triel, expenses both ways, if not satisfactory. Sold on Instalments.

A Disfigured Countenance.

Many people who would scarcely notice an armless or legless man will instantly detect and remark on any blemish of the human face, and dive into all sorts of speculations as to its cause and attendant circumstances. If you doubt this assertion become possessed of a discolored optic and note how much attention it will invite. A black eye is generally avoidable, but blotches, pimples and other scrofulous and eruptive marks steal upon us without warning, and are frequently the first intimation of the fact that our blood is going wrong, A prompt and systematic use of P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium), will purify the blood, cleanse the skin and give back to the face nature's familiar, ruddy signs of health. Get it of your drug-

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-The Georgia Supreme Court has refused a new trial for Tem Woolfolk who murdered nine members of his family in Bibb county.

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